Drink—and the world drinks with you. Go thirst, you thirst alone: And every friend with a dollar to spend Has most impecunious grown.

A CONTRACT OF PERSONS AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON OF THE PER

Flirt and all women firt with you Love, and you're left in the cold! And the one that did seem the delight of your

Turns brazen and brutal and bold, Sin-and the crowd sins with you. Repent they laugh and they jeer!
E'en if soda you drink, they complacently think
You've been toying with whisky or beer

Live and (if wealthy) all love you.

Dir and you rot forgot | And your best girl will spoon with your enemy Right over your burial spot.

Lie-and the public admires you. I do in these verses now ut pever forget that a lady wears yet The poesy crown on her brow

EXXA WXXXXXX WXXXXX

-William E. S. Fales in Journalist.

UNDER THE GROUND.

A VISIT TO WONDERFUL MAM-MOTH CAVE DESCRIBED.

How Came the Great Hole in the Earth! The Question Answered-How a Man Left Alone in the Cave All Night Lost

[Special Correspondence,

MARMOTH CAVE, Ky., Sept. 6.-It is a new worki which one finds spread out before him down in this great hole in the ground.

A journey underground brings you into closer relationship with the mighty forces of nature than you ever were before. You are not one down in these winding caverns until you begin putting the questions to yourself, "How came it so?" "What made it?" Your own eves will find an answer for you if you but use them intelligently. When nature up-heaved the limestone crust of the earth, which is the geological characteristic of this part of Kentucky, she left therein numerous small fesures and irregular openings. In a rocky ages ago, found their way into these cracks between the rocks. During centuries without number the waters have been at their silent ork, carving out this underground palace. No, their work was not all silently done, fo now and then huge masses of rock loosened and fell from the sides and roofs of the caverns awaking strange echoes down in the gloomy depths. Occasionally to this day masses of rock fall down, widening or elevating the limits of the chamber, but leaving so much more debris for visitors to climb ove Centuries ago Green river must have risen to a higher level than now, or have been more frequently swept by freshets, for at this time the waters of the stream find their way only to the lowest level of the cave. These cav erns, which sweak so eloquently of the eternal forces of nature, of her infinite persistency, are not all on the same level. They wind in and out, up and down, following the lines of the original fissures which gave them en-

You have not proceeded far upon your subterranean journey, however, before all thoughts of causation are lost in contemplation of the magnificent results. It is with difficulty that you become interested in the ruins of the saltpeter works, about a mile from the cave's mouth, where, in 1812, patriotic miners gathered and prepared gunpow-der niter for the young republic's armies. It is to you a sacrilege that so prosaic and worldly an occupation as gunpowder making should ever have been carried on in these fantastic recesses. By and by the guide halts all your lantern carriers in a big, high vaulted, irregular chamber, and tells you, in a voice that sounds strangely like an echo. that this is the Methodist church, and there on that high projecting rock, its pulpit, wherein regular services were held years ago

nd scores of sinners brought to repentance.

By accident you have been for a moment separated from your companions and left alone. You realize that there is no such loveliness in all the world beside as in the Mammoth cave. There is a tradition here of a young man who was once lost five miles from outh; he spent the night all alone in the cavern-it is always night here-and was found by the guides early pext morning. iid not know them; nor has he known anybody since. Though still living, his life is stois, who could pass many hours alone and

way and finally his light when several iles from the mouth. He found his way out by feeling his steps, one by one, inch by inch, the terrible journey requiring the better part of two days and nights. But William Garvin was, and still is, a guide, to whom the cave to a home. He knows every foot of the uni journey, every rock and stalactite. and for his knowledge and services is paid the munificent sum of \$40 a month

The guides tell a story of another black slave Before the war his master being in search of amusement, took the slave far into the cavern, blindfolded, left him there, and offered him his liberty if he would make his way out alone and unaided. Acto the story, the slave accepted the terms like a brave man, struggled on in the darkness, and, after an entire week of terror and hunger, emerged into God's sunlight, a free man, though torn and bleeding in a

For a couple of miles through what is known as the main cave the walking is easy enough through a wide ball, over a floor almost as smooth as a pavement. But suddenly the black guide turns round a huge rock and plunges down a hole. To all appearances be is going straight for the center of the earth. Hesitatingly you and your companions follow. You brace yourself against the walls of the hole, find the best footbold you can and let yourself down, down. Presently the from the head of the line, "Fat Man's Mis-This tells you that you are approaching the famous pass. It a moment you are within it. The path becomes wearily level once more, but it contracts until it is simply a little channel about big enough for woodchuck. The water has worn in the rock a ditch not more than eighteen inches wide and in places no more than twelve. The roof is so low that you must stoop until your back is well nigh broken. and in places you must get down and crawl like a burrowing rodent. Yet all pass safely through, and at each step find themselves rewarded for their pains. Wonders and curisities crowd fast upon their gaze. There Giant's Coffin, lying in a vast amphitheatre in which a small church could be stood-greatly resembling a mighty sar-It equals in size one of the famous of Banibek, being forty feet long,



FAT MAN'S MINERY.

twenty wide and about tun deep. Not far moment and maintain perfect silence. Complying, you are startled by what appears to be the loud ticking of a musical timenises.

It is but the measured melody of water trickng into a basin, bidden behind rocks, which echo back its sound. The acoustic properties of the arch are such that the falling drops

may be heard forty rods away, though the fall is not more than six feet. A peculiar fact about this water clock is that it ticks

precisely four times a minute, and has been thus ticking, perhaps, without varying so much as a fraction of a second, for thousands of years! Sounds are highly magnified within the cave. A brass band seems to send its melody—when it makes meloiv—reverberating to the innermost recesses of the earth, A

single cornet is like a goant's bugle. Singing. which all tourists here delight in, is strangely impressive. One is being constantly startled at his own voice. As with sound, so



ECHO RIVER. with vision. Everything, save man and his works, appears larger than it really is. A dome actually rising seventy-five feet above your head appears 200. largest rocks look like mountains. Men alone seem small. They are mere pygmies in the presence of these manifestations of nastained by black oxide of manganese. These stand out like silhouettes, and as the guide lights a banch of oily waste and illuminates the cavern you have no difficulty in imagining that you see the things which he says are Again, when the guide bids other animals. you all stand still while he disappears round turn in the cavern, and there ignites torch whose light, streaming through the may chance to term it. In a great chamber as big as the hall of representatives at Washington the guide orders you all to extinguish your lanterns. The darkness which follows is the perfection of darkness. You never before what darkness was. It seems that you could cut out chunks of it and carry it home with you. Suddenly some one cries, "Look up!" You look, and there is the firmament of beaven, with numerous stars glistening and twinkling at you. Of course they are not stars; you are 250 feet beneath the surface of the earth, where no day or starlight ever, penetrated; but they look like stars for all

thrown upon them from behind a huge rock The hall is called "Star Chamber. Down in this wondrous cavern there are hundreds of objects of interest which one rould describe in a book, but which cannot be even mentioned in a newspaper article. Echo river is the spot which lingers longest in the memory. There is no other such river in the world. It has no banks, being shut in by solid walls of eternal stone. Beneath is the water, from ten to forty feet deep; above, the stone roof. When seated in the boat you iscover how low this roof is. It strikes you back and forces you to get down almost upon the bottom of the craft. The boatman uses his paddle more upon the rock overhead than in the water below. It is a half mile across this iver; or rather a half mile traveling partly with the current, and a weird, uncanny voy age it is. Strange echoes are here, and as the visitors sing "Yes, We'll Gather at the River," all darkness. He must be a resolute man, a berations are loud enough to frighten the eyeand "On Jordan's Stormy Banks." the reverlost in Mammoth cave and preserve his

Net such cases are not unknown. William Garvin, a black man, once lost his magic quality. The echo here is pitched to a certain key, and when this is sounded the best effects are produced. Our guide bids every one maintain absolute silence. Then be agitates the water vigorously with his paddie. We almost hold our breath. Soon the silence is broken by a sound like the tinkling of bells. Larger and heavier peals seem to take up the melody, and then it appears a if the chimes of a score of cathedrals were joining in to swell the tempestuous chorus. Amazed and delighted we listen and listen, until the music begins to lessen the volume of

the artful guide has, unbeknown to you,

That Echo river is a part of Green river has been shown by the simple test of throw-ing chaff into the former, which soon reappeared on the surface of the daylight ream. The eyeless fish are no myth. About four juckes long, almost white; some of them have eye sockets, others none at all. Scientific den agree that these fish lost their orcansof vision through lack of use

its tone, then to die away diminuendo, and

finally to disappear as softly and melodiously

There is no lack of marvels. Visitors de light to linger over the abyss called the Bottomiess Pit, which has a bottom 175 feet down. The River Styx is a mere pool. There a great number of walls and chambers which the guides have given fanciful names. There is a theatre in which Edwin Booth once played Hamlet, a music hall where Remenyi' magic violin woke rhythmical echoes, a chapel wherein scores of couples have been wed, one of the heroines being a Kentucky girl who had vowed beside the bed of a dying lover that she would ne'er "marry any man

on the face of the earth. WALTER WELLMAN. A Use for Waste Coal Piles. A patent has recently been asked for a new process by which it is proposed to use the waste coal piles at the mouth of every coal mine and convert the cuim into a sort of gas that can be used as natural gas is used. The rulm is to be broken up in pieces and run into a hopper. Out of the hopper it comes in particles, and is fed into an air blast. This blast is broken into different chambers, and in circolating around each chamber the particles of the culm rub against each other until by the time the last chamber is reached they are reduced to a fine dust that floats around in the air current. When the last air chamber is reached the culm passes through a 110 mesh and comes out in a dark cloud. It is then fed through pipes, like gas. The particles of coal float in the air and combine with the oxygen of the air to make a bot fire. The inventor claims that this fuel will make no smoke, but will be all consumed before reaching the smoke stack, owing to its fineness. used only on a large scale -- Safety Valve.

Ugliness Defied. If you have a sallow face, And can many wrinkles trace—Don't cry; If your cheeks have pimples sore,
And are with freekles covered o'er—Don't

ery. you have grown so very plain. For you'll regain within a week, The charms of beauty all complete-Then

The wondrous Champlin's Liquid Pearl, Beauty's boon to every girl.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitilizar is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by F.

POWER OF HOPE Hope leads the child to plant the flower, The man to sow the seed Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour But prompts again to deed

THREE LINKS IN A CHAIN.

Neither the brush nor the pen, but the lancet and the scalpel, are properly my tools, and yet for an hour past I have been occupied in delineating on the canvas of memory certain scenes that belong to the past. The reverie painted pictures are three in number, and each is vivid, sharply defined and stands conspicuously out its setting of trivial or exacting circumdespite their seeming dissociation. I begin to think so. A more dubious prob-lem: If there is taken a link between these events, will the dis covery thereof aid or hinder the realization of my dearest hope. I have at present no answer to this question.

The first scene imagination has con-jured anew before me with all the exactness of realism reveals the interior of a jeweler's shop in Renford, my native town. It is a fine large business apartment, with its walls liped with cases dis playing through their polished glass costly articles of virtu-for Mr. Huntley magnifles his trade, and is a collector—and us counters spread with more cases, holding in dainty nests gold and silver and precious stones, fashioued in many forms of use and ornament. Mr. Huntley's shopman is busy in the front rearranging a portion of the stock; his employer and I are discussing in the office, semi-partitioned off at the rear, a question of local politics having no sort of connection with the present narrative. My father is vicar of Renford; and Mr. Huntley, as long as I can recollect, has been vicar's churchwarden-hence the intimacy between us and although I have commenced the study of medicine, and look speedily to sever the tie of residence in the quiet western town, I am still interested in local affairs. Suddealy, the shop doors—there are wisely two—open one after the other—the inner down here as the imagination. It is ever one with a sharp little jerk that betokens keen. On the vaulted ceilings of the cav-nervousness or haste on the part of the ern are numerous incrustations of gypsum, prospective customer. The austere young man who is polishing an enamel brooch deftly replaces it, slides back the case bottom with a subdued click and waits in an attitude of deferential attention. Standing at right angles to Mr. Huntley's there—buffaloes, wildcats, antesters and desk, I am facing the shop and the street. and however incurious, am compelled to

see and hear what passes. It is a young girl—she may be 15, she may be elder—who has entered, and statue, you are quite ready to believe in the resemblance of the white thing to Washington, or Giadstone, or Bismarck, as the guide ments; the pretty piquant profile; the clear complexion, with the pink spot, telling of excitement, in the center of the beautifully moulded cheek; the wayward golden curls, that defy the restraint of the sim ple sun hat; and the dress of soft creamy white, which so admirably suits both its owner and the pleasant summer weather. Erect, energetic, with an evident sense of numiliation playing the foil to a touch of unconscious hauteur-the vision comes

> You wish to see the principal, Miss! Did I understand correctly?"
>
> The girl gave a quick gesture of assent;

the world. In reality they are bits of gyp-sum reflecting the faint rays of light which the assistant calls his master, and I left with only the occupation of the onlooker. From a small threadbare reticule I see produced a bracelet, a ring and one or two other articles, which seemed to have formed part of a fashionable lady's outfit of jewelry. The color has deepened on the maiden's face, and I am fancying that she is at once proud of her possessions and anxious as to the result of her present enterprise. She has reason for her anxiety, of which it is charitable to believe she suspects nothing. I will be bold to say that one cannot watch the changing lights and shadows of her countenance and think her the originator or willful accomplice of fraud.

These-what can you give me for these" she asks in a low, quivering voice. "You do buy gems, I believe; these are very valuable, I am told." She does not appear to have the smallest appreciation of the fact that a respectable tradesman will hardly make a random offer for jewels that can be thus described, without in-quiry not only as to the bona fides of the applicant, but as to the authority also for

aside after an inspection which has its making him phenomenally grave and chasing a storm line across his forehead. "Have you any idea of the worth of these articles, or of either—any one of them?" he dryly asked.

I think both the assistant and myself instinctively prick up our ears. The girl, too, is startled by his tone. "I have been assured—papa said it—that the stones in the bracelet alone cost £250.

The glance with which she meets Mr. Huntley's keen look is as open as the day, and the expression on the jeweler's face turns to one of pity. "I could not give you as many shillings, miss. The stones are clever imitations, and that is all. There is not one genuine amongst those you have shown me. Mr. Skirrow, let me have your opinion."

The assistant confl. ms the unflattering judgment, and does it with a sneer that I felt disposed, though with no valid reason,

The crimson tide has ebled, and the girl's cheeks are blanched; her lips quiver. and at first no sound comes from them; her eyes slowly fill with tears. I fear that she may drop in a swoon, but this woman's weakness she does not seem to share. There are seconds of intolerable suspense for us all. At last there is a half stifled cry: "Jack! how could you!

It is plain that she accepts the situ-ation, and that her thoughts are even now busy with the solution of her dark For the moment she has forgotten her environment, and she murmurs her vain protest against the-to usthe dishonored treasures, and retires. I heart; and I wonder with eager, palpitat-ing interest, who is "Jack," and what is I paused at the preceding paragraph ing interest, who is "Jack," and what is

Huntley can explain little-only

so indelibly on the retina of my mind, is widely different in motif and in detail. reached Khartoum. El Teb has been fought, and our troops are on their way bitterly the longing for adventure and tude. Hildreth was attending old

his companions in misfortune and nave lingered by Eastleigh's side to test yet again the security and sufficiency of his lages. What it is in the poor fellow's bannages.

face that strikes me with a sense of familiarity, or at least of previous acquaintance. I cannot guess. But even in quaintance, I cannot guess. But even in these dubious half lights I am persuaded that some reminiscence should answer to the impression thus created. Only—it fulls to do so

"Doctor!" Eastlake faintly moans. "Well, my lad?" I respond. "Tell me plainly. Have I a chance?"
"I decidedly hope so," I reply evas

'And hope isn't expectation," he says. with a curious smile.

I am silent. I dare not equivocate in

such a case as this; and I recognize, too that though but a private soldier, East-leigh is a man of education and quick to seize the meaning of accents as well as of "I take it, you and I form the same

opinion, doctor," he says, between two terrible paroxysms of pain; and the world won't lose much if I do go; but but-I wish you would do me a favor. I

can depend on you?"
"Anything that is in my power, East-

"I've a father living in England, and be and I quarreled. I was to blame. I was a sad scapegrace. But he thinks to this day I robbed him. I didn't; it was my cousin Dick. Find him and tell him.

hat. The address ——
But the exertion is too much; the pa tient elapses into unconsciousness, and is restored with difficulty. I forbid further

I quite understand what it is that you wish of me, and I will do as you request," I say. The address I shall find, if I re-I say. The address I shall find, if I require it, with your kit. I hope it will be unnecessary for me to search, and that you'll live to explain to your father face to face. Now, silence! Dickson will watch, and send for me if wanted. And go out into the darkness of the plain, and muse over a solftary cigar until joined by a couple of regimental comrades

In describing the third of these mental pictures, I must explain that I am now no longer half a civilian and half a sol-Military stations and barrack bos pitals know me no more. A slender in-heritance has come to me from a dear old maiden aunt, the cheer of whose gentle encouragements I would to this day rather have had than her money, and with it I have bought a partnership with an old college friend of my father's. Dr. Hildreth has treated me generously, for the sake of auld lang syne; he and his wifethey have no children—are delightful people; and Great Gamble is a quaint, well behaved East Anglian town, with many another humerous incongruity about it beside that of its name. Exist ence here is humdrum—granted. But I am content—more than content, since I have been honored with the friendship of Margaret-she is Mrs. Hildreth's kinswoman, many degrees removed and thus I have learned the name -is a widow, and I had heard her sad and romantic story before I met her. Her husband bore that title scarce an hour; he fell in a fit at the bride's feet as he was leaving the church door, and was a dead man before succor could The medical evidence showed that he was the victim of heart disease, to which the excitement of the day and the hour had administered a fatal impetus. So grievous a shock would abundantly account for the gravity which seems a marked feature of Mrs. Bristowe's character. Not that she is gloomy; her age forbids that, for she is young still—not five and twenty, Mrs. Hildreth says—and youth has a recuper-ative power which will struggle back to he sunshine, however crushed by sorrow Yet there is a seriousness in her mirth At least I think so, and it suits well with her stately beauty.

The current of an emotion which I

cognize as love hurries me on. Will Mrs. Bristowe consent to be my wife? I propose to put the question to the test this very evening. It may be that I shall end the present narrative with Margaret's

Now for my third reverie picture. The scene is a metropolitan railway station. The place is thronged with very various sorts and conditions of men, for detachments of the brave fellows who marched to relieve Gordon-and, alas! marched in vain-are arriving, and the London crowd is there to welcome them. I am ten min-utes early for the train I wish to But this stage is never reached. Mr. catch, and the departure platform Huntley has taken up one by one the seems almost deserted, by compari-gleaming wares, and one by one laid them son with the stir and bustle elsewhere. I stand idly by, and watch a body of the bronzed heroes file past on the opposite side of the narrow cutting. Those round me set up a cheer, in which I hesitate to join; for do I not belong to those who are the subjects of the Their dangers and privations I have shared. I am not quite alone in my silence. There is at my left hand an old man who stands rigid as a statue but with eyes blazing with a strange, flery eagerness, as the men gather into military order and tramp away through the station gates in the track of their earlier comrades; and hanging upon his arm is a woman in black, thickly veiled.
"Perhaps it was a mistake, and it was

some one like John at a little distance. but not John himself," says the father, as I instantly elect to believe him. The tones have in them such a depth of sadness and vain regret that I unconsciously fall to studying the speaker's face. It is a striking and noble one, though there are signs that both pride and passion have done work thereupon with their ruthless graving tools. As I watch there comes to me the conviction that these lineaments are not wholly strange; yet I am taffled to discover any basis for the curious fancy of familiarity.

His companion murmurs something

which the shrick of a whistle causes me to lose as if I had the remotest right to

play the eavesdroppers.

"Ah, John! Can be not trust me to forgive him everything" the old man answers

"This is your train, sir. Any luggage?" I saunter leisurely off in the rear of the ever exercised, has plunged her into an abyss of shame. Then she stammers an apology, accepts mechanically at Mr. Huntley's hands the shabby bag into which he has gathered, by her permission, were even now ringing in my cars, and I am trying to account for the enduring naquestion if in all Renford there is a heavier ture of these recollections as I weave

the precise nature of the nefarious trick three hours ago, and took my hat and overcoat—for it is a stormy October night Mr. Huntley can explain little—only that Miss Raine and her father who is home is called. Mrs. Bristowe's visit said to be an artist) are the new people at draws to a close. She has a father stay-Bristol cottage ing with friends in a southern cathedral city, and she has but fulfilled an old prowidely different in motif and in detail.

The place is an ambulance tent, pitched, literally enough, as some of us think, in their London residence. Further delay on the wilderness. The Egyptian troubles the wilderness and rebellion at which hint I have perhaps revealed that I have write as a disappointed man. Alexandria have culminated in the Soudan do not now write as a disappointed man. War. Gordon—bravest of the brave—has Yet there was hazard and uncertainty.

Mrs. Hildreth had more than a suspicion of my errand, and contrived, with womanback from Tokar to Trinkitat. I am with ly dexterity, to leave Margaret and me to them in the capacity of army surgeon, a tetera-tete, a service for which I shall and there are times when I satirize ever owe my partner's wife a debt of gratiidie dreams of distinction to which I am Lucas Gannithorne at Gamble Manor for You can be longer lovers gain—Don't sight; four men in longer lovers gain—Don't sight; for you'll regain within a week, self reproaches are useless. The tent is had he been at home, my friend and coltenanted by four men, three of whom league, I make no doubt, would have have been wounded in a surprise skirmish caught a peculiar twinkle in his wife's
—a mere outpost affair: the other is the
eyes—or have practiced the art of divinavictim of a camp accident. The most tion for himself—and have remembered a

serious case is that of a private called neglected call.

Eastleigh. He has been badly dealt with I am not going to enter into details. Let blool, and himself believes that his last Bristowe—my heart was her's already hour is near. I have done for him what and was refused. But she admitted that is bossible have attended to the needs of to some extent she reciprocated my feel-

ings of regard and affection; whereupon I plucked up courage to inquire into the reasons of her decision.

During the course of the conversation

that ensued between us, it was borne in upon me more and more that Margaret was the girl who had suffered so crushing a discomfiture in the jeweler's shop at Renford. I was determined in some way to have this question resolved before wishing her farewell. But she forestalled my

"Our acquaintance has been agreeable to me also, I confess," she said. "Have you any idea. Mr. Bruton, that it was not in this room that we met-or rather were thrown into accidental proximity for the first or the second time?

I started at these last words Was Margaret the veiled lady of the railway platform? "I must acknowledge that I am prepared to hear it," I answered. Our eyes met, and there was the bond benceforth of a mutual understanding be tween us. But how full of hopeless pain was Margaret's glance! And then, bit by bit, she confided to me the story, which in her view, constituted an insurmountable obstacle in the path of my happiness She had a prodigal brother, who ha escaped condign punishment for his mis demeanors by opportune disappearance. The burden of vicarious shame lay heavy on her soul, and she most resolutely pur

posed to bear the load alone.
"We know nothing of Jack's where abouts or mode of life now," she said, "and it is my daily dread that some new disgrace may yet come upon us. I will not expose another to this irksome risk." My temerity surely transgressed the bounds of courtesy. "But you married Mr. Bristowe!" I said. The delicate oval features were mantled

with a vivid blush, and I construed the sign as chiefly one of anger. It had a very different and, for me, a less awkward explanation.

Poor Dick! I will not say one harsh word of him " she murmured did not-girl as I was-care for Dick as a woman ought to care for the man she marries. He was my father's choice for me, and he had a knowledge of my brother's escapades, which we wished buried in silence.

"And you were the sacrifice." There was no denial. "If Jack would home and reform, father would forgive him even the affair of the lewels. You saw me try to sell the sham ones, wickedly and cleverly put in the place of the real gems." Margaret murmured. "It was a cruel trick, for money was wanted then. Father was ill and there were Jack's other defaications to make up. I thought I saw my brother once in uniform, as a common soldier, but probably I was mistaken. It was at a railway station. "And I was there, too?"

It was the opportunity for giving an account of Private Eastleigh and of his request; and in a voice consciously vibrating with excitement, I unburdened myself of

the recollection. "Dick the guilty one! And we both were blinded:

"But, Mrs. Bristowe, can you be certain of this soldier's identity?" "I think so," Margaret answered.
"Eastleigh was my mother's maiden name, it was natural for Jack to assume that. But, oh, tell me-what became of

Suspense approaching agony was in the tones. Jack Raine was loved still in spite of his fauits. I hastened to relieve

'He was much better the next morning, and I believe recovered," I said.
"But he was not properly in my charge. I had duties elsewhere; and I have not seen him since. But it is nearly a cer-tainty that you saw him on the occasion you have mentioned. If I find him for you, and there is a reconciliation, and Jack makes good his statement of innocence, of which I have no doubt-will you then grant me my desire, Margaret? Sweetest of monosyllables was my girl's low "Yes."

Postscript, a year after, by Mrs Margaret Bruton: "Amongst some old pa-pers that Frank has brought from his den in Great Gamble, High street, to our nest, so prettily named Woodbine villa, there was the above. Frank says that as far veracious history, ending, as he had suggested it might, with my reply to a cer tain question. Veracious it may be, but complete it certainly is not. But he is obstinate, and refuses to add a single line of sequel. There is a spare half page, vever, and I am toiling to Frank's indolent neglect.

"Private Eastleigh was indeed my long lost brother. Frank had very little diffi-culty in finding him, knowing so well in what quarter to apply. Jack was ignorant of my first marriage and of his consin Dick's death. It seemed that pride and a mistaken notion that my father's resentment was implacable him from communicating with He has now made it very clear that he was rather sinned against than sinning, though he was too noble to accuse Dick at the time. It was unnecessary to purchase his discharge, as his time of service was nearly expired, and he has now settled down in a mercantile appointment, sobered and repentant of follies. And this, and more, much more, we owe to my self willed, provoking, no-ble hearted husband."—Chambers' Jour-

Vegetation for the Plains.

It is now stated that blue joint grass will grow luxuriantly on the great plains and mountain sites of Nevada, where little vegetation, except sage brush, has been produced. It is also said that wild peas will grow there, and that the vines are readily eaten by all kinds of stock. In places that can be irrigated a few months in the year, two or three crops of alfalfa can be raised.—Chicago Times.

Cure for Bydrophobia. The London Lancet recently reported ... case of hydrophobia which was successfully treated with subcutaneous injection of corrosive sublimate, while the nervous symptoms were controled by the hypoder-Eagle.

The Ladies' Pavorite The newest fashion in ladies' hats will doubtless cause a flutter of pleasureable ex citement among the fair sex. Ladies are always susceptible to the changes of a fashion plate; and the more startling the departure, the more earnest the gossip over the new mode. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for which afflict females and make their lives miserable. This sovereign panacea can be relied on in cases of displacements and all functional derangements. It builds up the and gives her renewed hope and a fresh lease of life. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case or money tofunded. Read printed guarantee on bottle

Albert Bowers, aged two years, who was Ohio, was struck by a train and thrown forty feet to the ground below, and instantly

Babies that are fretful, prevish, cross, or troubled with Windy Colle, Teething Pains, or Stomach Disorders, an be relieved at once by using Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no Opium or Morphine, hence is safe. Price 25 cents. Sold by Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and

IT IS WONDERFUL

how easily rheumatism begins, and how insidiously it grows in the system, untiin either the acute or chronic form. then learns the fearful tenacity of grip and the utter powerlessness of the ordinary remedies to give relief.

Probably to no disease have physiciangiven more study, and none has more completely baffled their efforts to provide specific; and until Athlophoros was dis covered there was no medicine which would surely cure rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous or sick headache. Thousands of testimonials like the following prove beyond question that Athlophoros is the only reliable remedy, and that it will do all that is claimed for it.

Mr. Josiah White, of New Paris, Ohio, said to our correspordent in reference to his being cured of rheun atism by the use of Athophoros: It acted like a charm with me and I feel that I owe my present good health to the one bottle of Athlophoros I used. It was about two years ago I had the rheumatism. I could scarcely get around and when I did manage to do so it was with great pain. I spent over thirty dollars during this attack with doctors not counting what I spent for liniments and other medicines, but none of them did me a particle of good. At last I heard of Athlophoros; it was on Wednesday I commenced using it and continued taking regularly until I finished the bottle. On Friday I went out free from rheumatism. My legs were as good as ever, and from that day to this, now nearly two pears since, I have not had a twinge of theumatism. I have recommended it to many different sufferers and have been well paid for my trouble by seeing them bene-fited as I was.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they can not be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will end either (carrage paid) on receipt o regular price, which is \$1.00 per bottle fregular price, which is \$1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c, for Pills. For liver and kidney diseases, dyspeps a in-fligistion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constituation, headache, impu-siond, &c.

The Glenn wire Manufacturing comsigned. Assets, \$30,000; liabilities not as

Ouick, complete cure, all annoying Kither, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. At Druggista. "ROUGH ON BILE" PILLS 10c. and 25c. Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach.

Ask for "Rough on Dirt;" A perfect washing powder found at last! A harmless extra fine A I article, pure and clean, sweetens, freshens, bleaches and whitens without slighest injury to finest fabric. Unequalled for fine linens and laces, general household, kitchen and laundry use. Softens water, saves labor and soap. Added to starch increases gloss, prevents yellowing. Sc., Uc., 25c. at Grocers or druggists.

ago and taken to Cleveland, O , where he is wanted to answer the charge of bigamy, preferred by Mrs. Emil Goetz, who sup-ped herself to be the lawful Mrs. Biess-

Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee Acker's English Remedy a positive cure. It saves hours of anxious watching. Sold by Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and

Colby, Duncan & Co., New York plane manufacturers, have transferred their af-fairs to a receiver. Liabilities, \$175,000; assets estimated at \$207,000, of which \$40. 000 is owing from N. A. Cross & Co., of Chicago, who failed Wednesday.

In Brief, and to the Point. Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a toe-to-good na-

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American

eople a nation of dyspeptics. But Green's August Flower has done a ness and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and happy.

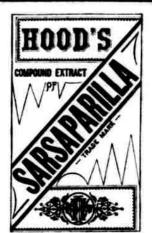
Remember: No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

Chinman & Holt Philadelphia coal deal ers and miners, have been compelled to as-sign through the failure of Robert Hare well & Co. and Charles E. Per Co. Assets, \$288,000; liabilities, \$217,000 If you desire to possess a beautiful com-

plexion take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. cleanses and purifies the blood, an smooth and clear, and giving it a smooth and clear, and giving it a moves blotches and pimples, making the bright and healthy appearance.

Pennsylvania brewers, to the number 125 formed a State association at Harris-

COMPARISON SOLICITED.-A wise discrimination should be exercised by all who take medicine. The proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla solicit a careful comparison of this medicine with other blood purifiers and medicines, being conodent that the peculiar merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla are so apparent that the people will unhesitatingly prefer it to any other preparation. Hood's Sarsaparilla is noi a mixture of molasses and a few inert roots and herbs, but it is a peculiar concentrated extract of the best alterative and blood purifying remedies of the vegetable kingdom. The enormous sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the wonderful cures effected, mrove even more than has ever been claimed for this medicine.



The importance of purifying the blood canblood you cannot enjoy good health. At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

KASKINE THE NEW QUININE.



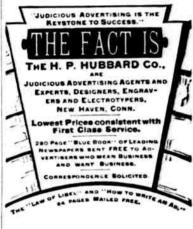
A POWERFUL TOXIC That the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRA-TION and all Germ D seases.

THON and all Gorm D seases.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quimine.
Rev. Wm. Lucas, Rector Grace thurch, Ravenna, O. writes: "I cordially endorse Kaskine as being just what you calm, an excellent
substitute for quimine, with none of its bad
effects. Mrs. Lucas had a serious form of malaria, and was confined to her bed for months.
Kaskine had her up and around in a few days,
and in a short time cured her."

The Agent of KASKINE has on Public Exhibition a remarkable MANIKIN, or model of
the human body, showing the Stomach, Heart,
Lungs, Liver, Spicen, Kidneys and the other
organs and parts in Health and in Disease.
By an inspection the affected can see the
nature and location of their troubles and
learn how Kaskine relieves and cures them.
Letters from the above persons, giving full
details, will be sent on application.
Kaskine can be taken without any special
medical advice. Si per bottle, or six bottles
for Si Sent by mall on receipt of price.
KASKINE CO. 54 Warren St., New York





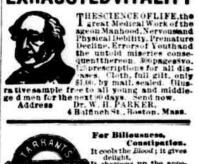


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Bouyancy of Body to which he was before a strang They give appetite, GOOD DIGESTION. regular bowels and solid flesh. Nice-ly angar coated. Price, 25cts. per box.



EXHAUSTEDVITALITY



Constipation.
It cools the Blood; it gives delight.
It sharpens up the appeit aids the liver do its part Sick Hendacke.



